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"GETTING A BIG GIRL NOW."

MISS DEMOCRACY. — That 's altogether too small a rig for me, boys!

PUCK.
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Wednesday, December 21st, 1892. — No. 824.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON THE OBSERVANCE OF HOLIDAYS.

WE HAVE only six annual holidays that are generally observed throughout this country, (and our holidays of legal observance are few and far between;) on which showing we are entitled to be called the most steady-working of civilized peoples. With holidays so rare and so well earned, we should certainly see that we make the most of the opportunities that they afford us. Let us run over the brief list. First comes New Year's Day. In past years it was made much of in the states where the old Dutch settlers had established their customs. In New York State various pretty practices used to prevail. The distribution of the "New Year's Cakes" was made the means, or rather the cloak of a great deal of delicate and discreet charity, of the sort that helps the worthy poor and does not tend to make paupers. This was the day when every man called at his friend's house and wished him well for the year to come. But New York killed her beautiful New Year's Day. It became a day of vulgar and wasteful ostentation, gross abuse of hospitality and shameless drunkenness; and as a social occasion it fell into desuetude some years ago.

* * *

Washington's Birthday is a most valuable holiday, affording a brief respite to people depressed by the long continuance of the Winter's hard work; but it has brought out no very individual or original form of observance. Decoration Day is the first in our list of holidays which is — weather permitting — strikingly characteristic and wholly delightful. It marks the formal opening of the Summer season of athletics: it invites people to public games of an interesting and healthful character, and lures them out into the country. A sunshiny Decoration Day is perhaps the prettiest holiday we have. The Fourth of July *was* our great holiday; but very little is left of its pristine observance except the "villainous saltpetre." In the day time the children fire off childrens' squibs; in the evening the "grown-ups" light fireworks of a larger growth. But if Fourth of July is in decadence, Thanksgiving Day, which at one time did something languish outside of New England, is now in great shape for a fine American holiday. It is to the sports of the Fall what Decoration Day is to Summer sports: it offers glorious opportunities for out-of-door enjoyment, and its home observance is a tradition of generous festivity.

* * *

But what have we done with poor old Christmas, that crowns all the holidays of the year, and that has all the strength of the Christian Church and of Christian charity to brighten and to endear it? Well, we certainly have not by any means made the pleasantest holiday of the year out of it. In fact, there is no holiday which causes us so much work and worry in preparation for it; and a very large portion of this work and worry is anything but a labor of love. Ostentation, extravagance, and that tendency to "slop over," in which we must recognize a certain form of popular hysteria, have all helped to play the mischief with good old Christmas Day. No, we are not going to preach the old sermon on the foolishness of turning one's purse inside-out in indiscriminate and extravagant giving. That sermon seems to be needed less and less each year. The reaction from excess set in some time ago, and people are beginning to look upon these matters much more rationally than they used to; so that the pretty old fashion of exchanging kindly remembrances is no longer in danger of dying of its own abnormal growth.

* * *

But we do wish to strike one blow of honest indignation at the hordes of huckster adventurers who still try to squeeze a mean, illicit profit out of the degradation of the Christmas season. Never was there a time within our recollection when this particular class of humbugs tried so hard or so shamelessly to turn a crooked penny. The "fake" Christmas enterprise lays a snare for the citizen at every turn. The sensational newspapers reach out for his dollars and his children's pennies, to advertise their own journalistic vigilance in the cause of charity by all manner of unwise, improper, and often fraudulent schemes for "funds," "boxes," "presentations," "charity subscriptions," and heaven knows what other kinds of notoriety-seeking crookedness. As to the Christmas stock of publications, remembrances, "novelties" and "elegant holiday presents," of the "fake" variety — the cheap stock prints in a gaudy new cover, the kickshaws made of scraps of silk and satin and paper-lace and all the other specimens of cheap and flimsy ingenuity, — their name is legion, and their value is considerably less than nothing.

* * *

It looks as though we in this country had rescued two valuable holidays from misuse, and made them occasions of wholesome enjoyment. Let us hope that a healthy turn in public taste will before long put Christmas on the same basis and give us back what should be in many ways the best of the few holidays of which hard-working America can ill afford to spare even the least.

A MARINER'S MESSAGE.

A BOTTLE BOBBED upon the sea,
Corked tight by human hands,
Until a billow shot it free
'Way up the sparkling sands.

'T was then a wanderer espied
The bottle huge and blue;
He picked it up, whereat, inside,
A note burst on his view.

"Some ship-wrecked mariner," he said,
"Would tell his sorry fate."
He broke the bottle then and read
With spirit all elate:

"Ship Albatross, off Tuckahoe,
Upon a great rock stuck;
Send us, to drive away our woe,
At once a CHRISTMAS PUCK.

ECONOMICAL.

"Why are you stopping the clock?"

"To save time."

A STICKLER.

"Burton has always said he could never fall in love with a girl who was n't strictly proper."

"Well, his *fiancée* is that sort."

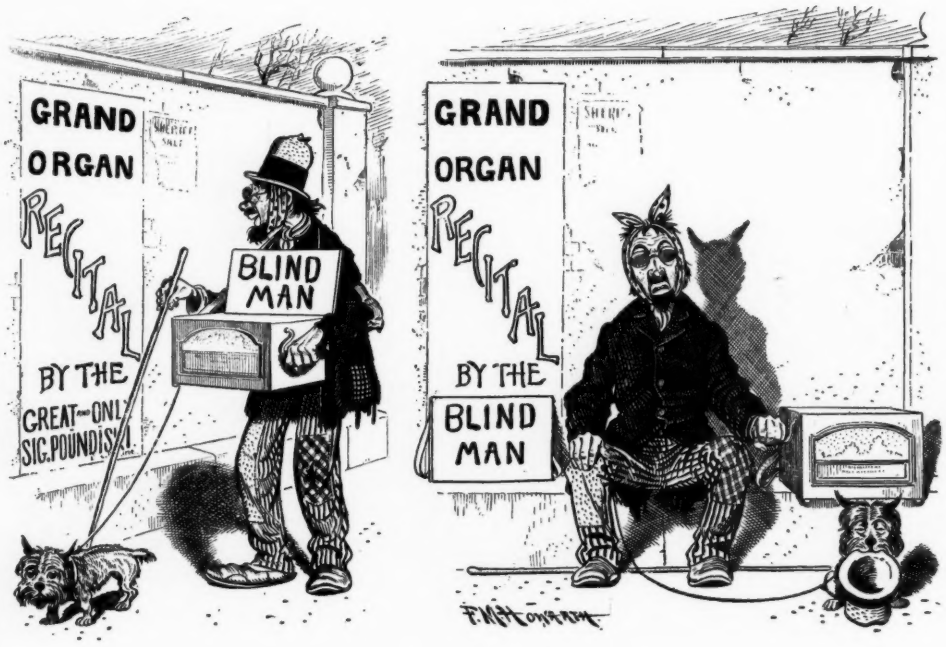
"Really?"

"Yes; he has to disguise himself as a manicure to hold her hand twice a week."

TAKING NO CHANCES.

SHE. — The paper says that the firm you work for is going to give each of its married employees a turkey as a Christmas present. Could n't you get one if you told Mr. Busyday that we are going to be married two weeks later?

HE. — I tried that; but the old man said he was n't speculating in futures.



AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE NEGLECTED.

A CATCHY PRICE.

"What occasions the rush of women to the post-office to-day?"

"The postmaster has a bargain day in two-cent stamps. Sells them at six for thirteen cents."

AND A MAN TO SWING IT.

VICTOR SPOYLES. — Of course, you have a right to your own opinion; but in mine, Harrison is a bigger man than Washington.

SEVILLE SERVISS. — In what way?

VICTOR SPOYLES. — Well, Washington, used a hatchet, while the present President uses an ax.

COURAGE IS that quality of mind which makes us forget how afraid we are.

THE SKATING SIAMESE TWINS.

Though Mickey Hogan only had one
single roller skate,
Yet he trundled on it all the day, from
early dawn till late.

Here 's Johnny Jones, his chosen chum,
a pal both tried and true,
And Johnny's case is just the same—
he has but one skate, too.

But boyish minds have schemes and
plans, inventive genius wins,
A strap, a string, behold them here! —
the Skating Siamese Twins!

ON X-MAS MORN.

TOMMY.— Is n't this called the horn of plenty, Mama?

MAMA.— Yes; don't you think it a pretty title?

TOMMY.— No, I don't; because I have eaten all the candy there was in it, and there was n't half enough.

NO ORDINARY MAN COULD AFFORD BOTH.

FRANKLIN FURNISS.— When did you start your furnace?

MORRISON ESSEX.— When I stopped cutting the grass.

FRANKLIN FURNISS.— And when do you usually stop cutting the grass?

MORRISON ESSEX.— As soon as it 's time to start the furnace.

IF STAMPS ARE ENCLOSED.

Oh, many things I would recall
From fickle memory flee,—
But oft when mailed to the editor
My thoughts come back to me.

R. L. McC.

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

VISITOR.—Well, Willy, did you have a good time yesterday?

WILLY *(in disgust)*.— No; I ain't half as sick as I was last Christmas.

DODGING THE QUESTION.

MISS ROXY GOLDUST.— Would you think I was more than twenty?

UPSON DOWNES *(evasively)*.— I think you are more than all the world — to me.

UNCERTAIN.

"Which ball do you mean to pocket?" inquired Jones of his country friend, who had challenged him to a game of pool.

"How in thunder can I tell," was the answer, "until after I shoot?"

PRECISE.

BARBER. — Shall I take a little of the ends of this hair off, sir?

CUSTOMER. — Yes; I think you had better take it off at the ends, unless you can get it out of the middle.

LOADS WORSE.

TEMPERANCE LECTURER. — Is there anything on the face of the earth worse than whiskey?

BIBBER.— You bet, there is. No whiskey.

THE REASON.

"Do you wear eye-glasses because you think you look better with them?" asked Miss Pert.

"I wear them because I *know* I look better with them," answered the short - sighted man, sadly.

OUR JUDGES.

"Greene Bayes has failed abominably in the law. Wonder what he 'll do now?"

"Oh, he 's all right! He has influence enough to get on the bench."

MOST APPRECIATIVE.

"Does Shakspere take well in the West?" asked Witherup.

"Does he?" returned the Tragedian. "Well, I guess! We had to kill Cæsar three times in Bloody Gulch, one night."

BELIEVED IN HEREDITY.

WEERY. — That baby over the way seems to inherit its voice from both parents.

CHEERY. — How so?

WEERY. — Well, it makes a great noise, like its father, and keeps it up all the time, like its mother!

A DISAGREEABLE NECESSITY.

RIVERS IDE. — Mexico did n't agree with me. I got sick down there.

JIM HICKEY. — What was the matter? Could n't you drink the water?

RIVERS IDE. — By Jove! I had to! I could n't drink the whiskey!

THE TEACHER hides her rod away, and all the time looks pleasant —
Too well she knows the boys and girls will chip in for a present.

(With apologies to MR. BR—T H—RTE.)

HE CAME limping into camp at Faro Gulch one evening as the sun was setting behind the Colorado foot-hills, and paused, a slight, silent figure, before the open door of Larribee's. Larribee's, its hands chiefly in its pockets, and its mind chiefly on present tobacco and prospective supper, regarded him with inattention. Only Nemeha Bill drew his pipe from his mouth, and said plaintively: "Boys, the tenderfoot has got the drop on us." In truth, behind the wayfarer's back was slung what we took for a camera.

"Can I get board here?" said a soft and pleasant voice.

"You kin," said Nemeha Bill. "Likewise lodging. But not a vallet."

"I did n't expect to find one," the stranger replied, with a blush, and passed on into the house. As the other tenants turned slowly round to stare, they saw a slender form, awkwardly fitting clothes, small hands and feet and close-cropped yellow hair. They also saw that what they had taken for a camera was an accordion.

That evening it was reported with unction in camp that a stranger had come to Larribee's and had asked for and got a room for himself, under the name of Vincent Mortimer.

We saw little of him for a day or two. He disappeared in the mornings, and ate his supper quietly, seeming to pay close attention to the rough talk about him, but saying nothing himself. One day he was suddenly discovered examining the little rushing brook that ran past the town some half a mile or so from the main shaft. On reaching a certain point he stopped, and two or three of us halted to watch his movements, which seemed mysterious. He bent over the brook and dipped a pan into it. He shook the pan and examined its contents. He went through several other performances, all of which had a strange familiarity. Black beards were thrust forward and ribald mouths were hushed as the group strove to overcome its sense of awe. At last Old Man Flynn said in a tremulous voice: "Boys, ef the fool ain't placer mining, bust me!"

* * *

We stole respectfully away, and for two days thereafter the industrious, boyish-faced figure washing the unsympathetic feldspathic granite deposits of Company Run was never without its knot of transfixed, attentive watchers. They offered no interference. Not a sound came from them to interrupt the low, musical songs that were crooned upon the bank of that non-auriferous, non-argentiferous but now hallowed stream. They merely stood there and watched, with tears in their eyes. Old Man Flynn was not among them, only because the memories of '49 thus evoked had been too much for him. He was off on a spree, to be docked for accordingly. But he recked little of that.

When he returned to a world of fact and declining glory, the first question he asked was: "Hev ye salted his claim?"

We looked at each other. Alas! the poetry that should have supplied this natural and humane suggestion had been wanting in our souls. But we could act on it, and that night about $5 in small silver, eagerly subscribed, was melted, run into a mould, and carefully crushed. Then we took it out and dumped it into Company Run, where the water was shallow. The brook gurgled, chuckled and glowed on under the moonlight.

The next evening when Vincent Mortimer came home from his day's work, his face was radiant. "Gentlemen," he said, extending his thin, white hand with a quick, timid gesture; "Gentlemen, I really think I have found a pocket."

* *

The disgust of Old Man Flynn when Nemeha Bill insisted upon taking entire charge of the system by which every night an aliquot part of the subsidiary silver coinage of the United States was assessed upon Larribee's and faithfully converted into gravel silver for the benefit of that "pocket" was indescribable. This action of Nemeha Bill's was taken upon the following Sunday, after Mortimer had played his accordion to the rough crowd that had congregated at Larribee's for the purpose of playing faro. No one could tell how Mortimer had included himself in the party, and no one recollected asking him to play either faro or his accordion; and yet every one admitted that he had been urged to make a choice and had blushingly selected his instrument. He sat on the table, his accordion in his lap, and went on in his soft, clear voice, awaking one memory after another of our childhood. It was past midnight when he was allowed to slip away. When he had gone, no one spoke the surmise that was uppermost in every mind, but Nemeha Bill closed the door softly after him, and, placing his back against it, said in a slow and impressive whisper: "Gentlemen, that boy is the watch and ward of this here camp. It 's no concern of ours what brought him here. But any man that offers a word to him that man would n't use to his own mother hez got to account to me fer it." The warning was superfluous; we accepted it without protest, as implicitly representative of a feeling catholic among us.

* * *

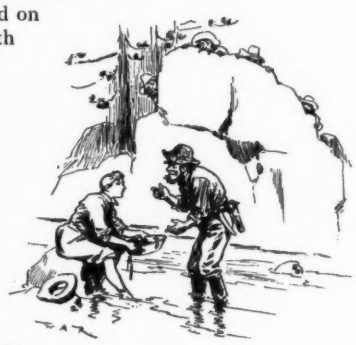
But Nemeha Bill's angry remonstrances could not prevent old man Flynn from throwing his work to the winds of Faro Gulch, and slipping over to Company Run, where he frequently spent an entire morning instructing Vincent Mortimer in the art and mystery of placer mining. Although Flynn always maintained to his comrades with perfect seriousness that these instructions were a necessary incident of guardianship, I really think it was an excuse for pouring his long unregarded tales of '49 into Mortimer's ear that he undertook them, rather than as a mask for other designs. Perhaps Bill suspected this. It was the old man's example, probably, that caused him most anxiety. A remarkable change had come over the camp, and the persistence with which painstaking attempts at sartorial embellishment and definite though unobtrusive gallantry were directed toward the centre of placer-mining in that region, was quite enough to disturb the confidence of a self-elected guardian-in-chief in any private diplomatic purposes he might have formed of his own. The critical discussion of accordion-playing grew to be a passion with the Gulch, and its titular sport languished in consequence. When solemnly adroit questioning discovered the fact that Vincent Mortimer could dance a little, information was sacredly reserved to the knowledge of the most select circle at Larribee's. "And it ain't no stage-dancin'," said Nemeha Bill, in a hoarse, deeply affected whisper. "It ain't good enough fer the rankest variety show. It 's home-dancin' — that 's what it is, every step of it. Cussed if I kin think how he kem yer." Vincent Mortimer was universally alluded to as "him."

Who else beside Nemeha Bill was secretly engaged in the nocturnal profession of salt-laying we never discovered; but it was certain that "he" took more out of that pocket than our tax-levy put in. Weight showed that.

* * *

When the news was wafted up to us from the valley that Mr. John Underwood contemplated a visit to Faro Gulch, it did not elicit that hearty response which would have seemed natural a month ago. When Jack himself followed the herald of his arrival, he was moved to comment upon the decline of the sporting instinct in the camp. "I have never urged gambling upon those who do not care for its fascinations," he observed, with mournful incisiveness; "but you will pardon me for saying that it is your duty to return to the bosom of the United States Post-office and get your name changed. At present it is a species of false pretences."

This was true. The Gulch was undergoing the dumb, anxious, pleasing torment of its first idyl, and what it needed at that moment was a poet. It could not have taken a man of Underwood's discernment long to suspect that the rival that had been raised up to his profession possessed a concrete form. True to his quiet habits he asked no questions; but, as he staid on at the camp apparently content with diminished stakes and winnings, it was, of course impossible that he should not ultimately become acquainted with the incarnation of the Gulch's idyl in the person of Mr. Vincent Mortimer.



Meet him in the flesh, of course he did. Jack always roomed at Larribee's. But Mr. Underwood's hours and ways of life were different from those of our young friend, and by unanimous and not even formulated consent nothing was ever said to him about accordion playing.

* * *

Some days thereafter, as the opulent Summer began to wax drowsy over its wealth, it was noticed that both Nemeha Bill and "he" were

growing thin. In addition, "he" was growing pale, something which Bill would have found impossible, no matter how great his jealousy or his heart burnings. The boys went well nigh distracted about Vincent Mortimer. They brought him rude delicacies, suggested a respite from work, offered the most transparent hints as to willingness to run the pocket while "he" rested — not even in that hour did a man of them strive to penetrate the mysterious romance which all were burning to fathom. It was to no purpose. "He" grew paler and worked harder than ever. The accordion stopped wheezing. The dancing was given up. Men tugged at their beards and looked askance at the East, from which bad news came, and where lay the hidden chords of all our lives.

At last Nemeha Bill broke out with his sorrow, its burden no longer tolerable. "Boys," he said, "I ain't no blank spy, but — but there 's suthin goin' on between *him* and that cussed Jack Underwood."

* * *

We hesitated long about setting a watch. At last we acknowledged ourselves unspeakable hounds, and did so. Our vigilance was rewarded the very first night we laid a trap for Mr. Underwood, who about 10 P. M. calmly walked out of his room and into that of Mr. Vincent Mortimer, and shut the door behind him. The thing was so astoundingly open and confident that the world turned black before us.

The little posse of bearded, resolute men marched grimly up the narrow stair, and threw open that door. Half a dozen revolvers instantly covered John Underwood, who sat at one side of a little table on which were cards and silver. *He* sat opposite. Both players had thrown off their coats.

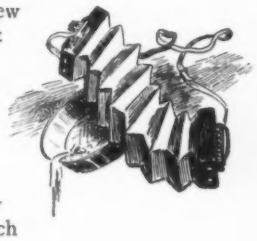
Underwood faced the revolvers with surprised composure. Mortimer leaped to his feet and threw up his hands. The beams of the single candle showed his frightened face, and his gasping throat under his open shirt.

As we looked, Nemeha Bill's revolver slowly sank, and his jaw dropped as he pointed at the poor boy. "My God!" he said; "it 's a man!"

Underwood expectorated carefully upon the floor. "Well," said he, "I 'm making him one. But the remuneration is light, gentlemen, as you can imagine. What seems to be the difficulty?"

* * *

I don't think any explanation was offered to Jack Underwood just then, but the story got out later, somehow — after Mortimer had gone home. The gentle, epicene youth never knew what that sudden intrusion upon his shame-faced, quiet game of poker with Jack had meant. A few days later he told us with a rueful countenance that his pocket had given out — as it had — and that he had decided he was not suited to be a miner. So he returned to the country store in Iowa from which he had set out to realize the dreams of silver mining born of his literary investigations, taking with him very little, I fear, of the $218.75 in silver which Faro Gulch had lovingly deposited for him in Company Run.



Underwood was invited not to mention the matter.

Thomas Wharton.

PRETTY ROUGH.

FATHER *(wishing to impress the lesson)*.— Now, my son, tell me why I punished you.

SON. — That 's it — you 've pounded the life out of me, an' now you don't know what you done it for!

BEEN A BOY HIMSELF.

PRACTICAL FATHER. — I want to buy a watch for my boy's Christmas present – the cheapest you have.

HONEST DEALER. — I 'm afraid I can't warrant the cheap ones to keep very good time.

PRACTICAL FATHER. — Oh, that does n't matter; just fix it so he can open the back case.

THE PESSIMIST who thinks the whole world is going to pot, should reflect that fifty years hence these days that he despises will be called "the good old times."

EVERY MAN thinks himself above superstition, of course; but the coming of a so-called lucky omen has never caused him distress. It is the unlucky prognostic which is always a "delusion of the devil."

A BUDDHISTICAL BURST.

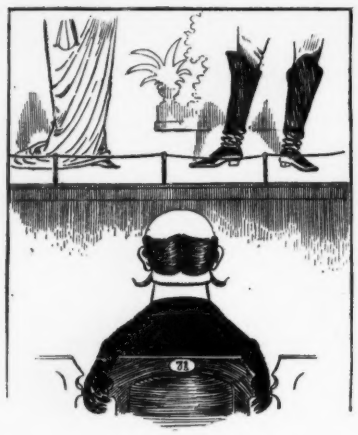
I 've often thought, that if, in transmigration,
My soul were wandering through the realms of space,
Seeking some future home, some destination,
Or, as it were, some wayside resting-place —
A kind of temporary habitation —
A post-house in Eternity's great race —
I 'd either choose to wander, a non-resident,
Or take a lease upon some flush bank president.

HIS CORKSCREWED NECK.

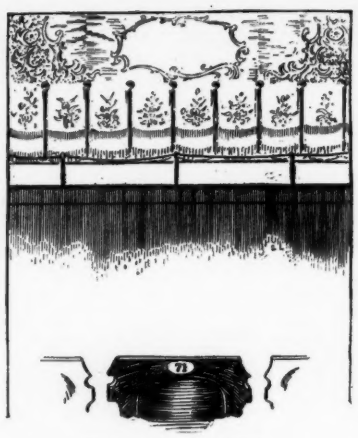
SINGLETON.— Why, Kidby, what on earth is the matter with your neck?

KIDBY.— That comes from trying to comply with simultaneous requests from four children to "Look at my Christmas present, Papa!"

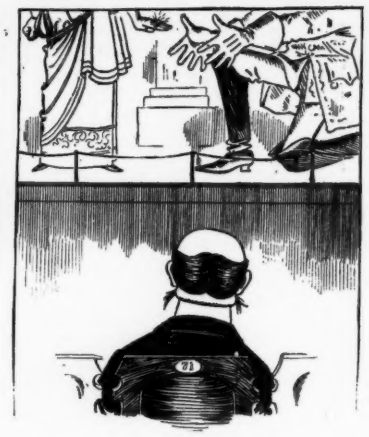
A NIGHT AT THE SHOW.



ACT I.



FIRST ENTR'ACTE.



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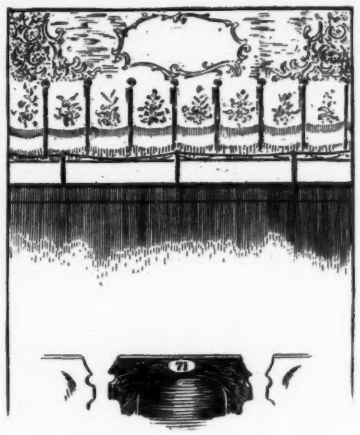
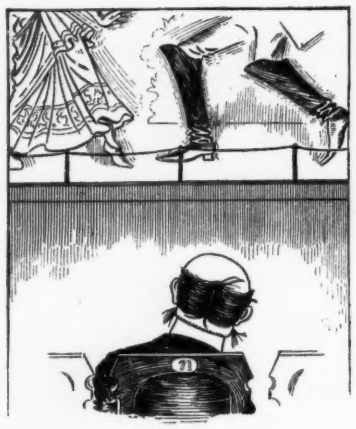
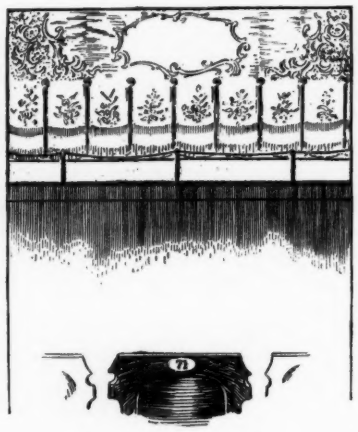


SECOND ENTR'ACTE.

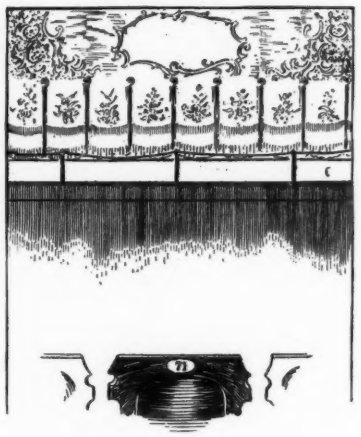


ACT III.



THIRD ENTR'ACTE.

ACT IV.



FOURTH ENTR'ACTE.

SWEET CHILDHOOD'S DIPLOMATIC TACT.

STANDING IN irresolute, thumb-sucking attitude for about twenty minutes, Little Tot finally perceived that a further delay would probably prove death to all her happy fancies; so, gently laying aside all conscientious scruples, she edged her way up to her papa's knee, and very sweetly ventured:

"Papa, I don't think I want you to det me anything for Chwistmas!"

"What, my child, not anything at all?"

"No. You know, I 's dot a verwy nice doll yet; and a little tarwiage for my doll baby, and dwesses; and my picture-book is dood enough, too."

"But your drawing-books and music sets?"

"Oh, they 're plenty dood enough!"

"And your china sets and silverware?"

"They 're just as dood as new yet, Papa."

"But surely there is *something* that you need. Be frank with me, my little one, and tell your dear old daddy what it is."

"Well, then, Papa, since you 're so vewy anxious about the matter, I 'll tell you what I *could* use to pwetty dood advantage. That 's a pair of skates like Jessie Baker's, a sled like Emma Sydehouse is showing off to all the dirls, a new bonnet like Julie Gway's, and some ear-wings like Minnie Maxwell's, a muff like Annie Nabor 's dot, and a little ladies' watch like Mama's. That 's all, Papa."

C. L. F.

THE SOLE SOLUTION.

The only known way to prevent trousers from bagging at the knee.

IT WAS a pretty present, and they all said it was nice;
But she was n't quite contented — she could not find out the price.

ACT V.

"WE SHALL not get any answers from those circulars we sent out the other day."

"Why not?"

"The names were no good. The boy made a mistake. They were the signatures to a lot of patent medicine testimonials."

PLAYS IN HARD LUCK.— The Fireman's Hose.

THE DOGS OF WAR—Bull terriers.

THE PAWN-TICKET draws more interest than a government bond, but it is n't so profitable to the holder.

YOU CAN'T make leather of a dog's skin by using his own black-and-tan bark.

PROOF.

"I regard Judge Hammerslaw as a gentleman of the old school."

"I am positive of it! Why, when I asked him for his daughter's hand, last night, he pulled my nose, a custom which has not been in vogue since the war."

HOW?

How can each dark cloud
Have a silver lining
When the sun has set
And no moon is shining?

IT IS better to wear out than to rust out; and in these rapid days the rule is "Rust or Rustle."

EGGED ON — Toast.

AN OLD SONG.

TIME.— The night before Christmas.
"Backward, turn backward, O Time! in your flight:
Make me a child again, just for to-night."

ON THE CONTRARY, A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.

ENRAGED PARENT *(to* SON, *just home from college).*— Look here, sir — the last report from the President of the College informs me that you are an absolutely hopeless case, so far as learning is concerned!

SON.— Yes; but get onto this — the heaviest head of hair in our football team!

A CRAZY PASTEL.

THE WRITER WRITES. The slim, ebon pencil traverses the sheet of pallid hue, with its shadow ever by its side, as fleet as it. Flee as it will, it can not outstrip its shadow. The fact is here worthy of note. A physicist would refuse to marvel at it outside of a prose pastel.

The writer writes, but he does not think. Prose pastels are not built that way. Naught passes through the fringe of his mind but the wind — a wind from *Roget's Thesaurus* and a paint-catalogue. He writes with his hand. His brain is a desolate waste.

The writer writes. He writes through his hand and makes a monkey of himself. The bleakness of his mind is grotesque and horrible, like the high hand-shake. His ideas are as many as the blessings of a high tariff. There are no blessings of a high tariff.

The writer writes. His mind is a marsh-land. It might as well be a marsh-land as anything else. He feels it not. It might be amputated, like the beard of a shaven man. He would lose nothing he needs to write prose pastels.

The writer writes. His face is as full of fine lines as a school-reader. His mind is as full of space as space is.

The writer has written. The pencil falls from his hand. It falls cruelly upon its shadow that has so curiously dogged it. No more the shadow is seen. It has crawled under the pencil, perhaps. If the pencil had gained a few laps on its shadow, the shadow would have fallen behind.

The writer has written. Over his bleak, marsh-land mind comes a warming ray from the yellow sun of hope. It illumines the name of a magazine that is as sure its public likes this sort of thing as Republicans were of carrying Indiana.

The writer has written. That 's all — just written.

H. L. W.

SHORT AND SWEET.

The ballet-girl gazed at her pink, pink tights,
But her skirt was the theme of her song:
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

John Ludlow.

BOUND TO SEE IT ALL.

UNCLE SI.— There 's one of them signs, reading: "Look out for Pickpockets."

AUNT FURBY.— Well, what of it?

UNCLE SI.— I 'm going to hang around here till I see one of them critters, if I miss the train.

A COINCIDENCE.

"Miss Lincrustra Walton is mourning the loss of her famous dachshund, Pumpernickel, with which she has been in the habit of taking her daily constitutional on the Avenue." — "*Society Notes,*" *Evening Pinkygram.*

"Miss Maggie O'Dwyer, of 797 Fifth Avenue, created quite a sensation at the fair and oyster festival of the O'Rourke Coterie, with a handsome mink boa of novel design." — "*Society Notes,*" *Sunday Hermes.*

A DAMAGING FIRE.

"I had a disastrous fire in my house last night," said Jorkins. "My hired man got drunk and put a half ton of cannel coal into the furnace."

A SIGH.

Ah, very dear, indeed, is she,
This maiden fair by me adored! —
But it is very plain to me
She 's dearer than I can afford.

HIS FAME.

BROWNLEE. — Atkins never had much popularity as an artist, did he?

WHITEHALL.— No; but he enjoyed a fame that was not based upon popularity.

BROWNLEE.— What was his fame based upon, then?

WHITEHALL.— Why, upon the fact that he never called a work "Twilight's Dreamy Hour," or "A Gray Day."

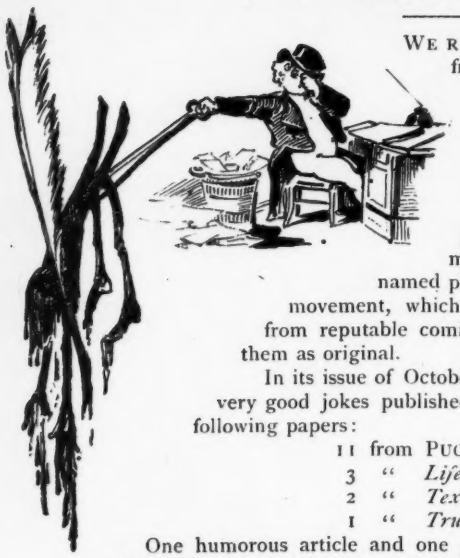
THE KIND OF X-MAS

Puck *(to the* Republican Paupers*)*. — You may have seen better days, my u

X-MAS DINNER THEY NEED.

er days, my unfortunate friends, but you 'll find this wholesome food for political indigestion.

A CLUMSY THIEF.



WE REFER to a comic journal emanating from the wilds of Iowa, *The Des Moines Argonaut*, and to the man or men who may be guilty of its publication. A few years ago, before our vein of American humor was well developed, the matter of publishing a comic journal involved the direct employment of comic writers. The above-named publication is a pioneer in the new movement, which is to collate a number of jokes from reputable comic papers, and brazenly to publish them as original.

In its issue of October 15th, 1892, there are seventeen very good jokes published as original, but taken from the following papers:

11 from PUCK.
3 " *Life.*
2 " *Texas Siftings.*
1 " *Truth.*

One humorous article and one joke are the progeny of the Pictorial Weeklies. Not all of these are copied *verbatim.* The two following examples show the method of adaptation used in many instances, a method which we had supposed heretofore to be employed exclusively by American playwrights:

The joke as it appeared in PUCK *of October 26th:*

AT THE WEDDING.

DE WILTON.—Why did the clergyman ask him if he would have her for better or worse?

MAJILTON.—I guess it is because they have n't settled definitely whether they will live in New York or Brooklyn.

As it appeared in the Des Moines Argonaut of November 19th:

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.

BAXTER.—Why did the clergyman ask him if he would have her for better or worse?

CHAFFER.—I guess it was because they have n't settled definitely whether they will live in Des Moines or Cedar Rapids.

The joke as it appeared in PUCK *of October 26th:*

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

DENTIST *(impatiently).*—Well, if you can't calm yourself I can't fill your tooth, for I 'm just about as nervous as I can be.

PATIENT.—What 's the matter?

DENTIST.—Why, I 've got to have a tooth pulled, myself, this afternoon.

As it appeared in the Des Moines Argonaut of November 19th:

OH, THOSE RAZORS PULL.

BARBER *(impatiently).*—Well, if you can't calm yourself I can't shave you, for I am just about as nervous as I can be.

CUSTOMER.—What 's the matter?

BARBER.—Why, I 've got to be shaved by one of my men myself this afternoon!

This paper is intensely humorous in its own way, however. One of those ways is, after publishing a lot of stolen matter as original, to run in a few columns of borrowed jokes, at the back, properly credited, just like a real, respectable comic paper. There are thirty-two borrowed jokes in its issue of October 15th.

Another of its humorous ways is to send us a copy of itself each week, with a request to exchange. It is thus in the position of a man who, having begun, say the dry goods business, in a modest way, by burglariously obtaining his stock from an established merchant, requests from the latter a key to his store, in order to save the trifling expense of a jimmy in future depredations.

We are really philanthropic. We never object to English comic papers stealing from us, because the English, poor devils, have no humor of their own.

We don't object to after-dinner speakers, parlor entertainers, minstrel end-men, and farce-comedy writers achieving a reputation for "inimitable wit" through a diligent perusal of our columns; because, without such powerful aid, they would cruelly torture assemblages who are too patient to use fire-arms advantageously.

We don't object when some solemn-minded ass perpetrates a dreary essay anent the antiquity of our jests; because good jokes will be written about mothers-in-law and gas-bills and erring spouses, so long as man is created in the old image with the old failings; and because such articles are themselves unconsciously the funniest things in the world.

We are quite content to jog along and to print the funniest things we can buy in the way of crisp, American humor, and to take our customary rebuffs from the funny carper, and to pile up the substantial evidences of his healthier brothers' taste for our efforts. But we do entertain a natural, human aversion to being robbed.

The *Des Moines Argonaut* will take notice that our penal institutions are crowded with men who have tried to apply its code of ethics to other branches of industry.

We hereby warn possible purchasers of that larcenous sheet that they may be liable to arrest for receiving stolen goods.

AN UNPLEASANT CHRISTMAS AWAKENING.

"AN EASY-GOING FELLOW."

THE MAYOR WAS WILLING.

ELBRIDGE T. GERRY *(hearing a knock).*—Come in! Gracious! Who are you?

SANTA CLAUS.—I called to see if there would be any objection to the children singing a few Christmas carols?

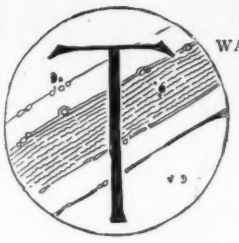
AIRY PERSIFLAGE.

"A joke 's a joke," the horse thief said
When they led him 'neath the tree;
"But you fellers seem in dead earnest,
While you 're a-stringing me."

R. L. McC.

"LIVES ON THE FAT OF THE LAND"—The Anti-fat Doctor.

TOMMY'S DISCOVERY.



[TWO MONTHS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.]

WAS WHEN the leaves, all gold and red,
Were lightly flitting from the bough,
That Tommy to his mother said:
"'T will soon be Christmas now!

"I hope that Santa Claus will bring
A lot of things for me this year—
I 'll be as glad as anything
When Christmas morning 's here.

"I hope he 'll bring a scarlet sled,
For gliding swiftly down the hill;
And that with candies green and red
My stocking long he 'll fill.

"I want a little gun to pop
The kitten when she 's fast asleep;
I want a pretty humming top,
I want some bleating sheep.

"I want a book of fairy tales,
I want a nest of picture blocks;
I want a boat that swims with sails,
I want a Jack in the Box."

[ONE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS.]

This morn said Tommy, full of glee,
As to his mother dear he ran:
"Old Santa Claus indeed, must be,
A very nice old man!"

Then shouting in his boundless joy,
He soon relief in dancing found,
And was indeed the happiest boy
For miles and miles around.

"I know he heard me when I told
You, Mother, what I wished he 'd bring."
Beneath her spectacles of gold
She smiled at such a thing.

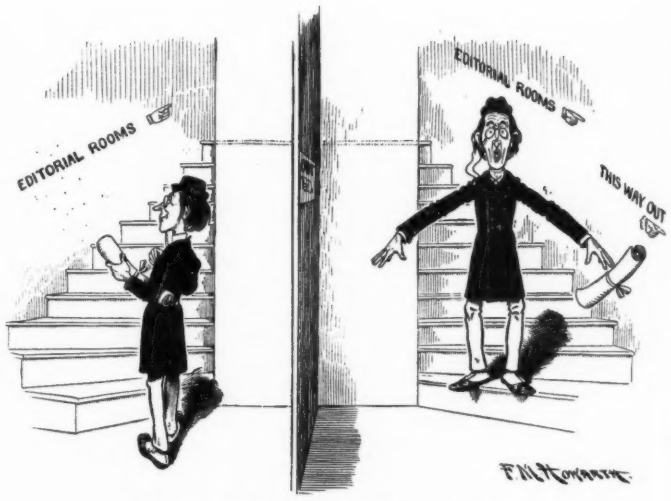
"It 's so," said Tommy, with a bound
That showed he had n't any cares;
"The toys I wished for I just found
'Way up the garret stairs!"

R. K. M.

HER POINT OF VIEW.

THE MAN.—I am not worthy of your love.

THE WOMAN.—Of course you are not. You don't suppose I 'd have the patience to be the wife of a man who was, do you?



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(PATENT APPLIED FOR.)

The house of G. H. Mumm & Co. having bought immense quantities of the choicest growths of the excellent 1884, 1887 and 1889 vintages, the remarkable quality and delicious dryness of their Extra Dry can be relied upon for years to come. This wine is the talk of connaisseurs, hence the great demand.

"By chemical analysis the purest and most wholesome champagne." Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, Prof. of Chemistry. 642

"*Grace is wild with delight over 'Puck's Painting-Book'; send another one for Dorothy,*" writes a pleased mother. She means the "old-fashioned" Painting-Book by Mr. F. B. Opper of PUCK'S staff. Price, 50 cents, by mail.

WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY

Four more days to buy Christmas presents.

But if you hunted forty times four days, you would never find a present which would please the recipient more than a yearly subscription to PUCK.

Remember, that when a subscription is ordered for a Christmas present you are given a beautiful presentation card on which the names of the giver and the recipient are printed.

Address at once by *letter* or *wire:*

PUCK, N. Y.

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

YALE MIXTURE

Made by MARBURG BROS.

A Delightful Blend of
St. James Parish, Louisiana, Perique, Genuine Imported Turkish, Extra Bright Plug Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut, and Marburg Bros.' Celebrated Brand "Pickings."

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Undoubtedly the **finest and most refreshing** perfume. Imported into the United States for over fifty years.

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In all card-playing countries – America, Europe, Asia, Africa –

"United States" Playing Cards

Have been tested and found unequaled. The brands adapted especially to club games and card parties are:

Capitol. Army & Navy. Congress.
Cabinet. Sportsman's. Treasury.

INSIST UPON HAVING THEM FROM YOUR DEALER.

THE UNITED STATES PRINTING CO.,
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"The Card Player's Companion," showing how games are played and giving prices of 40 brands, 400 kinds, of playing cards, will be sent free to anyone who will mention where this advertisement was seen and enclose a two-cent stamp.

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An elegant dressing. Prevents baldness, gray hair, and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and sprains. All druggists or by mail 50 cts. 44 Stone St. N.Y.

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Quick Cure of Rheumatism. This marvellous invention has cured over three thousand persons of Rheumatism. WE HAVE TESTIMONIALS ATTESTING ITS WONDERFUL QUICK CURE. No medicine, simply to wear the Circlet around the ankle next the skin. Price, $2.00. Will be mailed free upon receipt of the price. Agents wanted everywhere.

THE WONDERFUL ELECTRIC CIRCLET CO.
Room 13, 115 Worth Street, New York City.

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And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc. *A profitable business for a man with small capital.* Also Lanterns for Home Amusement. 236 page Catalogue *free*
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Chapping,
Itching, Dandruff,
Bad Complexion,
and Odors from Perspiration,

use that delightful balsamic cleanser and Antiseptic,

Packer's Tar Soap

How's Your Stove Draught

Is your servant girl lazy—is your breakfast late—is your coal too hard? Simply sprinkle it with Kem-Kom—your servant girl can oversleep, without late breakfast. No coal gas—no clinkers—saves 25 per cent. of coal. Grocers sell enough Kem-Kom for a ton of coal for 25 cents.

Standard Coal and Fuel Co.,
142 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

ALWAYS IN A MIX.

'BOUTTOWN.—Better not go to the St. Fashion Hotel. Their bill-of-fare is in French.

CULTURED FRIEND *(indignantly).*—I can understand French.

'BOUTTOWN.—Yes; but the waiters can't, and neither can the cook.—*New York Weekly.*

Double BREECH LOADER $7.50 RIFLES $2.00 BICYCLES $15. **GUNS** All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy send stamp for catalogue. POWELL & CLEMENT CO. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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SCALP, SKIN, and COMPLEXION

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We Remedy the Defects of Nature.

Whether Well or Ill-shapen;

we make a becoming man of you—

That's the Tailor's part.

— Our Part —

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Trousers $5.00 up.

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forward grand new catalogue of curiosities, etc. Price 5 cts.

Have BEECHAM'S PILLS ready in the household.

THE VADE-MECUM OF THE HEALTHY MILLIONS.

The genuine VICHY (Spring Celestin) stimulates the action of the Kidneys and is enjoyed at its greatest value by those who use it as a preventive rather than a cure. It possesses the rare quality of being a tonic without reactionary effects. It is a delightful table water, taken at meal time, it stimulates the appetite, aids digestion, and has a freshening effect upon the system, which makes one feel stronger in body and of a clearer, brighter and happier mind. The wide-spread sale of the worthless artificial water attests most strongly the fame and value of the REAL VICHY WATER, the Vichy, the property of the Republic of France. The Genuine Vichy has a neck label printed in the colors of France on every bottle with the name of "Eisner & Mendelson Co., New York, Sole Agents for U. S.," thereon. None other genuine.

MISSION TEACHER.—What did Columbus do?

GOTHAM WAIF.—W'y, der—

MISSION TEACHER.—Why don't you say "the" instead of "der"?

GOTHAM WAIF *(with dignity)*.—I ain't no Anglermaniac.—*Good News.*

THE clockmaker works on time.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

PIETY is religion with its coat off.—*Ram's Horn.*

To the people who intend to buy Watches as Christmas presents, Greeting:

Ask your jeweller to show you a Fahys Gold Filled watch case, and see if it is not as handsome as a solid gold one. He will tell you that it is just as durable, yes, and stronger, too. He will sell it to you for much less than the solid gold case and the one who receives the gift will thank you for your wisdom in choosing, especially if you put the difference in cost into another present.

Fahys

657*

"A PENNY for your thoughts, my love,"
He said in coaxing tone.
"It seems an awful swindle, dear,
For they're of you I'll own."—*Inter Ocean.*

AND now they say it is a "tramp comet." Perhaps that's the reason some astronomers hold to the idea that it is going to "strike" us.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

For a clear head
And steady nerves take
Bromo-Seltzer. 10c. a bottle.

KNABE PIANOS

EUGEN D'ALBERT: From fullest conviction I declare them to be *the best Instruments of America.*

DR. HANS VON BÜLOW: I declare them *the absolutely best in America.*

ALFRED GRÜNFELD: I consider them *the best Instruments of our Times.*

P. TSCHAIKOWSKY: Combines with great Volume of Tone a rare sympathetic and noble Tone Colour and perfect action.

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THE KNOX HAT

Matchless in beauty

Superb in quality

Artistic in design

A MAD CAT.

LITTLE DOT.—Oh, Mama, I'm afraid the cat's got hydrophobia!

MAMA.—Mercy me! Why?

LITTLE DOT.—I threw some water on her, an' she gave an awful yowl.

—*Good News.*

Good Cooking

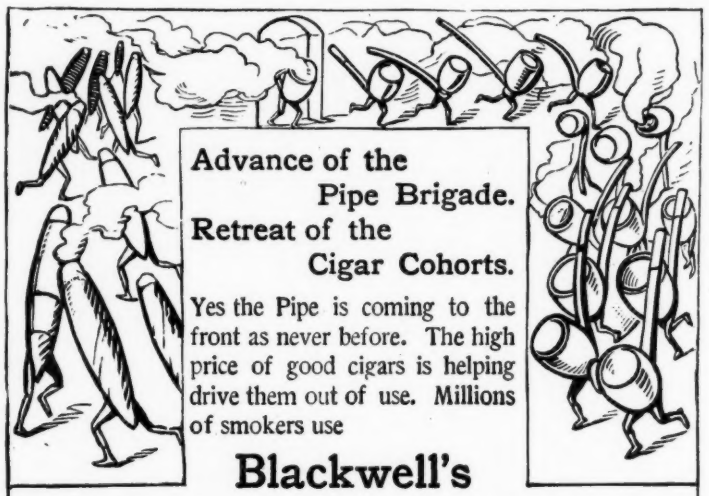
Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by our grocer and druggist.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. DE FLATT.—It's cold as Greenland here this morning. I wonder why the heat has n't been turned up?

MRS. DE FLATT.—I presume the janitor's family are not too warm yet.

—*N. Y. Weekly.*



Advance of the Pipe Brigade.

Retreat of the Cigar Cohorts.

Yes the Pipe is coming to the front as never before. The high price of good cigars is helping drive them out of use. Millions of smokers use

Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco.

It is the most popular Brand in the market. Smoked for over twenty-five years its fame is still growing—Quality always the same.

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO.,

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Pears' Soap

It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap.

The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap?

Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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Dr. Schindler-Barnay's treatise on Obesity mailed free on application. Dr. Schindler's Marienbad Reduction Pills mailed upon receipt of $2.00—3 boxes for $5.00. Dr. Schindler - Barnay's is the best known authority on Obesity. His writings are quoted in all text books on this disease.

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The genuine Marienbad Pills must have Dr. Schindler-Barnay's signature on every box.

WATCH POCKET LAMP. $1.00

Exact Watch Size Nickel-Plated and Engraved. Strong & durable 1,000 LIGHTS.

1,000 extra lights, 10c.

We want **10,000 agents** for U. S. and Canada, to sell this Lamp. To introduce it will sell at **$5.50 per dozen**, which is 10 gross price; the best selling holiday novelty. Send cash at once for territory and elegant display card.

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For Sale by the trade. 673

EVERY woman who marries becomes a sort of a amateur detective.—*Atchison Globe.*

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"Luxuriously Comfortable,"

AND COST NO MORE THAN OTHERS.

"Best is Always Cheapest."

Catalogue for the asking. Mention "PUCK."

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BOSTON. WASHINGTON. NEW YORK.

A WORD TO THE WISE. 622

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who fear the phenomenal success of

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in America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the authority of
Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, *Professor of Medicine at University College, London. Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics."*

This eminent physician ACTUALLY writes as follows:—

"From the careful analyses of Professor ATTFIELD and others, I am satisfied that Messrs. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other Cocoas.—It is certainly 'Pure' and highly digestible.

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LADY *(to* TRAMP*)*.—How old are you, my man?

TRAMP.—I don't know, Ma'am; you see I was so young the first few years of my life I could n't count, so I lost track. — *Harvard Lampoon.*

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry

Of the better class. New and Original Designs, Reasonable Prices.

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Fresh Air and Exercise.

Get all that's possible of both, if in need of flesh strength and nerve force. There's need, too, of plenty of fat-food.

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of Cod Liver Oil builds up flesh and strength quicker than any other preparation known to science.

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MRS. HAYSEED.—Where did you learn that new piece?

DAUGHTER.—It is 'nt a new piece. The piano has been tuned.—*Good News.*

MANY a man has made a goose of himself with a single quill. —*Texas Siftings.*

If you are offered a bottle of Salvation Oil, without wrapper or defaced or mutilated, don't buy it at any price; you may be sure that there is something wrong; it may be a worthless or dangerous counterfeit. Insist upon getting a perfect, unbroken, genuine package, in a yellow wrapper.

THE manager of an opera is justified in "putting on" airs.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"My Wife is Lost

Without your famous WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP for TOILET PURPOSES."

G. W. REYNOLDS, 301 Central Ave., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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His Wife Found

all our claims *true*. So will *your* wife.

Reason it out — yourself.

Your Barber has used this WILLIAMS' Soap on your face this many a Winter.

It has kept *that* soft and Smooth.

Would not those same delicate healing properties — prevent roughness, chaps and cracks — and keep the *hands* — soft and white?

Millions of satisfied Men and Women are using it. Are *you?* Is your *wife?*

40 cents buys a package like this — 6 cakes.
Soap enough — of the most perfect quality — for six months' use.

Try WILLIAMS' BARBERS' BAR SOAP for TOILET.

Sold in Pound Packages. Six cakes in a package. Price 40c. for Six cakes. Your Druggist or your Barber will Supply you. We mail postage paid — on receipt of amount in stamps. **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CT., U. S. A.**

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First Point—The Lens. To take a good picture requires a good lens. The lens is the soul of a camera. Kodaks have the best lenses—hence, they take the best pictures.

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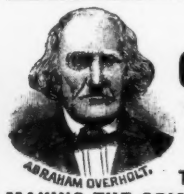

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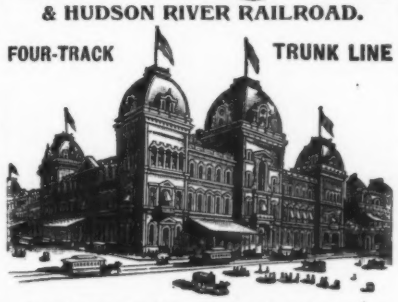

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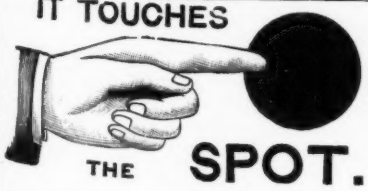

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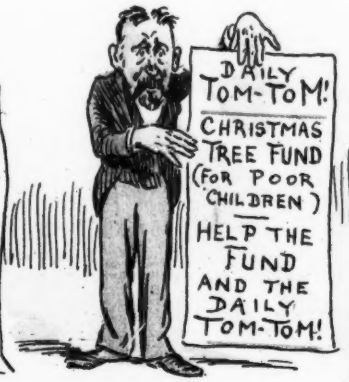

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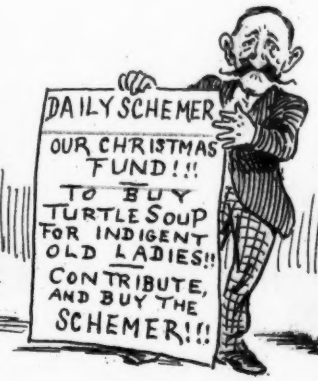

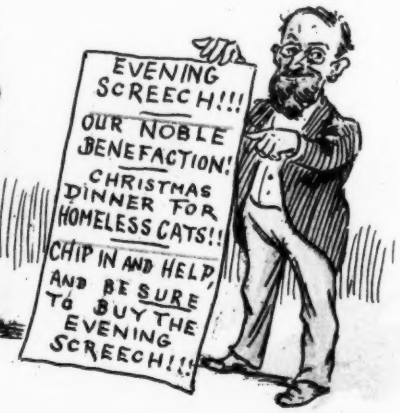

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